

## DOPE SMOKERS.

Slaves of the Opium Habit Who See King Peace of Mind, Find Grim Despair—Once the "Yen-Yen" Seizes a Man There is no Hope—There Are 25,000 Opium Smokers in New York Alone.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

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Opium smoking in this country is believed to be more particularly a pastime of the Chinese, but in truth the greater number of the smokers are white men and white women. Chinatown furnishes the pipe, lamp and yen-yen, but let a man once possess a "lay-out" and a common American drug store furnishes him with the opium, and afterward China is discernible only in the traditions that cling to the habit.

### OPIMUM IN THE TENDERLOIN.

There are 25,000 opium smokers in the city of New York alone. At one time there were two great colonies, one in the Tenderloin, one of course in Chinatown. This was before the hammer of reform struck them. Now the two colonies are splintered into something less than 25,000 fragments. The smokers are disorganized, but they still exist.

The Tenderloin district of New York fell an early victim to opium. That part of the population which is known as the sporting class adopted the habit quickly. Cheap actors, race track touts and gamblers and the different kinds of

is rather extraordinary and in this case at least it is safe to say that it is a "habit." The 25,000 smokers usually indulge in "high hats," which is the term for a large pill. The ordinary smoker is satisfied with "pin heads." "Pin heads" are about the size of a French pea.

"Habit smokers" have a contempt for the "sensational smoker." This latter is a person who has been won by the false glamor which surrounds the vice and who goes about really pretending that he has a ravenous appetite for the pipe. There are more "sensational smokers" than one would imagine.

It is said to take one year of devotion to the pipe before one can contract a habit. As far as the writer's observation goes, he should say that it does not take any such long time. Sometimes an individual who has only smoked a few months will speak of nothing but pipe, and when they "talk pipe" persistently it is a pretty sure sign that the drug has fastened its grip upon him so that at any rate they are not able to easily stop its use.

When a man arises from his first trial of the pipe, the nausea that clutches him is something that can give cards and spades and big casino to sea sickness. If he had swallowed a live chimney sweep he could not feel more

whisky and he might kill his father. I don't see why people kick so about opium smoking. If they knew anything about it they wouldn't talk that way. Let anybody drink rum who cares to but as for me I would rather be what I am.

As before mentioned, there were at one time gorgeous opium dens in New York, but at the present time there is probably not a single one left. The splendid decoration. The Chinaman will smoke in a cellar, bare, squalid, occupied by an odor that will float wooden chips. The police took the adornments from the vice and left nothing but the pipe itself. Yet the pipe is sufficient for its slant-eyed lover.

### INSIDE A "JOINT."

When prepared for smoking purposes, opium is a heavy liquid much like molasses. Ordinarily it is sold in hollow little nuts or in little round tins resembling the old percussion cap-boxes. The pipe for the purpose is particularly notable for the way in which it does not resemble the drawings of it that appear in print. The stem is of thick bamboo, the mouthpiece usually of ivory, the bowl of the pipe is made of four inches from the end of the stem. It is a heavy affair of clay or stone. The cavity is a mere hole, of the diameter of a lead-pencil, drilled through the center of the "yen-yen" is a sort of sharpened darning-needle. With it the cook takes the opium from the box. He twirls it dexterously with his thumb and forefinger until enough of the gummy substance adheres to the sharp point. Then he holds it over the tiny flame of the lamp which burns only peanut oil or sweet oil. The pill now exactly resembles a boiling molasses. The clever fingers of the cook twirl it above the flame. Lying on his side comfortably, he takes the pipe in his left and transfers the cooked pill from the yen-yen to the pipe, passes the pipe where he again molds it with the "yen-yen" until it is a little button-like thing with a hole in the center fitting squarely over the hole in the bowl. Dropping the yen-yen, the cook now uses two hands for the pipe. He extends the mouthpiece toward the one whose turn it is to smoke and as this latter leans forward in readiness, the cook draws the bowl toward the flame until the heat sets the pill to boiling. Whereupon, the smoker takes a long, deep draw at the pipe, the pill splutters and fries and a moment later the smoker sinks back tranquilly. An odor, heavy, aromatic, agreeable and yet disagreeable, hangs in the air and makes its way with peculiar powers of penetration. The group about the layout talk in low voices and watch the cook deftly molding another pill. The little flame casts a strong yellow light on their faces as they cuddle about the layout. As the pipe passes and passes around the circle, the voices drop to a mere indolent cooling, and the eyes that so lazily watch the cook at his work, gladden and gladden from the influence of the opium until they resemble flashing bits of silver.

There is a similarity in coloring and composition in a group of men about a midnight camp fire in a forest and a group of smokers about the layout tray with its tiny light. Everything, of course, is on a smaller scale with the smoking. The flame is only an inch and a half perhaps in height and the smokers huddle closely in order that every person may smoke undisturbed. But there is something in the abandon of the poses, the wealth of light on the faces and the strong mystery of shadow at the backs of the people that bring the two scenes into some kind of artistic brotherhood. And just as the lazy eyes about a camp-fire fasten themselves dreamfully upon the blaze of logs so do the eyes about an opium layout fasten themselves upon the little yellow flame.

There is but one pipe, one lamp and one cook and smoking layout. Pictures of nine or ten persons sitting in arm-chairs and smoking various kinds of curiously carved tobacco pipes probably serve well enough, but when they are used in the interior of an "Opium Den" and that sort of thing is absent, the Opium could not be smoked like tobacco. A pill is good for one long draw. After that the cook nods another. A smoker would just as soon choose a gallows as an arm chair for smoking purposes. He likes to curl down on a mattress laced on the floor in the quietest corner of a Tenderloin flat, and smoke with no light but the tiny yellow spear from the layout lamp.

It is a curious fact that it is rather the custom to purchase for a layout tray one of these ancient black tin affairs which are supposed to be placed before baby as he takes his high chair for dinner.

### UNDER THE SPELL OF OPIUM.

If a beginner expects to have dreams of an earth dotted with white porcelain covers and a sky of green silk, he will, after a few days, find that the "Opium Smoker's Dream" seems to be mostly a mistake. The influence of "dope" is evidently a fine language, a life no longer appears. The problems of a man no longer appear. Explanations, for instance, loom beautifully against the universal background of the universe. Injustice vanishes; there is nothing but a quiet, a soothing harmony of all things—until the next morning.

And who should invade this momentary land of rest, this dream country, if not the people of the Tenderloin, who are at once super-sensitive and hopeless, the people who think more upon death and the mysteries of life, the chances of the hereafter, than any other class, educated or uneducated. Opium holds out to them its lie, and they embrace it eagerly, expecting to find a definition of peace, but they awake to find the formidable labors of life grown more formidable. And if the pipe should happen to ruin their lives they cling the more closely to it because then it stands between them and thought.

### SOFT WHITE MULL.

A thoroughly chic appearance is imparted to the otherwise simple white bathrobe by trimming it with white and hunter colored Valenciennes laces and white insertings. This effect is enhanced by adding to the blouse revers of hollow embroidered India mull, which is the very latest novelty.

By the way, France employs this fabric largely as mousseline des Indes, as ground for laces, embroidery and platings for collars, fichus, etc.

These India mulls differ from the ordinary known qualities by their supple finish. When to be used for blouses, it receives an elastic finish, especially when embroidered with hollow effects to be used for revers. These revers are made so that they can be taken off. Colored chiffons are used for silk blouses.

### THE CYCLE IN ENGLAND.

The clever English girl, who wishes to go to a dinner party or a dance and does not own that luxury, a carriage, mounts her wheel in wheeled costume, her evening dress neatly folded up in a box or bag being secured to the bicycle in some ingenious way, and off my lady goes, with her father or brother as an escort, and upon her arrival at the scene of festivities she slips into her gown as easily as you please.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts strength to the whole system and to the womb and its appendages, "pale, run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers and feeble women generally. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

## COOKING FEETES.

### UNIQUE ALFRESCO ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THIS SUMMER.

Society Belles Are Building Venezuelan Stores on Their Lawns, and Will Prepare Some Wonderful Feasts for Their Fashionable Guests.

An odor of fresh cake in the air, a delightful array of pans, kettles and pickings!

It's a cooking fete, and every one is in it. That is, all the younger feminine members of the "400," and they are practicing the gentle art of bread making as though no thoughts of Delmonico luncheons, cotillon favors or Paris gowns ever entered their heads. In fact, all these young women are in dead earnest in their desires to master the intricacies of cooking.

"Talk of waiting an idle, or composing a symphony!" one young girl was overheard to exclaim the other



PRETTY, FASHIONABLE CHEFS.

day. "It is nothing, mere child's play, compared to becoming initiated into the mysteries of yeast and its apparently total depravity upon occasions."

Through sunshine, rain and snow she has gone twice a week to her class for two winters, and her friends sometimes feel like quoting a line from "The Deserted Village" apropos of the vast amount of her knowledge and the wonder that one, small head can contain it all. Not superficially, but really deeply and scientifically has she gone into the subject.

The members of the class are among the best known and most popular girls in society: Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, her cousin, the Misses Shepard, and Miss Emily Sloane, Miss Choate, Miss Satterlee, Miss Marian Fish, Miss Ethel De Forest, Miss Frances Brayton Ives, Miss Elsie Clews, Miss Livingston, the Misses Nora and Fannie Iselin, Miss Robb, Miss Helen De Peyster and Miss Beatrice Bend.

### And the result of all this culinary knowledge?

Simply the most ideal of alfresco entertainments at Lenox, Newport and Bar Harbor, where these young and charming girls will show their friends not only what delightful hostesses they are, but how well they can concoct a delicious la fouchette.

These feasts, cooked and presided over by young society girls, are going to be the attractive feature of the summer because they will be functions altogether out of the ordinary social routine.

Old oaks, lindens and beeches form the background a smooth, velvety lawn the scene of the entertainment—a breakfast or a luncheon. The hostess of the day, Miss Vanderbilt perhaps at Newport, or Miss Emily Sloane at Lenox, attended by some of her comrades of the old-fashioned class, is arranged in the most coquettish of chef's caps; a long white apron nearly covers her pale forget-me-not blue dress of fine dimity.

One's first dinner party is nothing nearly as exciting an event, nor to be

cheeks, feels more than a flutter or two of anxiety as she hands over the glowing brazer or Venezuelan stove which has been imported from the banks of the Amazon to do service upon these occasions.

Nothing could be more picturesque than this tropical stove, built up of brick with the glowing charcoal in its various compartments, placed, of course, somewhat apart from the scene of the feast and flanked upon either side by growing palms, that it may appear in its natural surroundings.

The busy cook and hostess divides her attention equally between the bouillon, slowly simmering at the north, and the ragout doing to a turn at the south, of the Venezuelan stove, with untold delicacies and dainties between.

The feast is served at small tables placed here and there and such a dream of beauty in crystal and china and flowers, not much silver being used, as a rule, for outdoor entertainments; it is too heavy; it takes away from the affair that sylvan, wild-wood character, which is its chief charm.

One table is all in magnonette with garlands of these flowers, tied with pale green ribbon, suspended from the edge of the table and a wreath of the flowers laid about the center-piece which is a pine-apple upon a cut-glass dish. The semblance of a pine-apple only, which, when opened at the end of the feast, by one who understands

its secrets, displays to view most delightful little souvenirs in silver and gold for each guest.

Upon another table, bedecked with sweet-peas, another counterfeit presentment of fruit—a melon—yields a rich harvest of gifts; parma violets with green and large and luscious as those of Eskelund and gray ribbons galore make another table lovely to look upon.

And all this has been planned, by one maiden assisted by a few friends, who act only under her order. That a function of this description promises to be a tremendous success no one can doubt.

Youth, beauty, wealth, a two years' course at a cooking school and a diploma—with such a combination could not one conquer the world to say nothing of preparing an appetizing feast in the wild woods?

### ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

### A GOOD PLAN.

And it Rather Took the Wind Out of the Senator's Boasting Sails.

A constituent of Senator Harris met that gentleman the other day for the first time in a dozen years. The greeting, as may well be imagined, was cordial. It was emphasized presently by sundry crookings of the elbow.

"Ah, senator," remarked Mr. Harris, "I am glad to see you."

"I can't talk a day older than you did the last time I saw you."

"In a little regard, possibly," suggested the senator with a pleased smile.

"You are looking in excellent health, too," pursued his friend.

"Thank you. And do you know," continued the senator, "that I am 74 years old and I never paid but one doctor's bill in my life, and that for a broken arm?"

"Is that so?" asked the friend, in surprise.

"Fact, I assure you."

"Well, senator," said the friend, "I am a physician, and I don't think it is almost the only way of paying some of them and preserving your credit?"

The senator moved for an executive session and presented a bill of explanations.—New York Tribune.

### MANNERS IN SUFFOLK.

A delicate taste and refined manners at the table are not among the characteristics of the Suffolk peasant. One to whom some oyster oil had been sent as a gift when he was ill sent the next day with a request for "some more of Madame Groomer's nice gravy." At a tite dinner an old farmer, having some bread sauce handed to him, took as much as could be conveyed to his mouth on the top of a knife blade, and, having tasted it, said: "Don't chuse none. Another by way of expressing approval of a particular pudding," remarked that he "could rise in the night time and eat it," and a third, supposing he would get but one plate, shoveled his fish bones under the table.—London News.

### SO MUCH FOR STRATEGY.

"If you must read my secrets, do it now," he said, desperately. Then, turning his back upon her, he deftly snatched her photograph from the table and pressed it hard against his bosom.

When, by the aid of a powerful X ray, she saw herself pictured in the innermost recesses of her husband's anatomy, she fell into his arms in such a paroxysm of love and confidence that he went to the club four evenings in succession before the good results were over.—New York Herald.

Young mothers dread the Summer months on account of the great mortality among children caused by bowel troubles. Perfect safety may be assured those who keep on hand DeWitt's Colic & Cholera cure and administer it promptly. For cramps, bilious colic, dysentery and diarrhoea, it affords instant relief. For sale by Neiden-Judson Drug Co.

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INSIDE A "JOINT." WATCHING THE COOK.

confidence men took it generally. Opium raised its yellow banner over the Tenderloin, attaining the dignity of a common vice.

Splendid "joints" were not uncommon then in New York. There was one on Forty-second street which would have been painful if it were not for the bad taste of the decorations. An occasional man from Fifth avenue or Madison avenue would there have his private "layout," an elegant equipment of silver, ivory, gold. The bunks which lined all sides of the two rooms were nightly crowded, and some of the people owned names which are not altogether unknown to the public. This place was raided because of sensational stories in the newspapers and the little wicket no longer opened to allow the anxious "friend" to enter.

Upon the appearance of reform opium retired to private flats. Here it now reigns and it will undoubtedly be an extremely long century before the police can root it from these little strongholds. Once this Rostetter got drunk on whisky and emptied three scuttles of coal down the dumb waiter shaft. This made a noise and Hillie naturally was arrested. But opium is silent. These smokers do not rave. They lay and dream, or talk in low tones. The opium vice does not betray itself by heavy-set down dumb waiter shafts. People who declare themselves able to pick out opium smokers on the street are usually deluded. An opium smoker may look like a deacon or a deacon may look like an opium smoker. One case is as probable as the other. The "friends" can easily conceal their vice.

### A "YEN-YEN."

If there is a sentiment in the pipe for him, he returns to it after this first unpleasant trial. Gradually, the power of the drug sinks into his heart. It absorbs his thought. He begins to lie with more and more grace to cover the shortcomings and little failures of his life. And then finally he may become a full-fledged "pipe fiend," a man with a "yen-yen."

A "yen-yen" is he it known, is the hunger, the craving. It comes to a "fiend" when he separates himself from his pipe and takes him by the heart strings. If indeed he will not buck through a brick wall to get to the pipe, he at least will become the most disagreeable, sour tempered person on earth until he finds a way to satisfy his craving.

When the victim arrives at the point where his soul calls for the drug, he usually learns to cook. The operation of rolling the pill and cooking it over the little lamp is a delicate task and it takes time to learn it. When a man can cook for himself and buys his own "lay-out," he is gone, probably. He has placed upon his shoulders an elephant which he may carry to the



VICTIMS OF DESPAIR.

They get up from their "lay out," adjust their cravats, straighten their coat tails and march off like ordinary people, and the best kind of an expert would not be willing to bet that they were or were not addicted to the habit.

### WHAT CONSTITUTES A "HABIT."

It would be very hard to say just exactly what constitutes a "habit." With the fiend it is an elastic word. Ask a smoker if he has a habit and he will deny it. Ask him if some one who smokes the same amount has a habit and he will gracefully admit it. Perhaps the ordinary smokers consumes 25 cents' worth of opium a day. There are others who smoked \$1 worth. This

edge of forever. The Chinese have a preparation which they call a cure, but the first difficulty is to get the preparation to take the preparation, and the second difficulty is to cure anything with this cure.

A "hop-flend" will defend opium with eloquence and energy. He very seldom drinks spirits and so he gains the opportunity to make the most ferocious parallels between the effects of rum and the effects of opium. Ask him to free his mind and he will probably say: "Opium does not deprive you of your senses. It does not make a madman of you. But drink does! See? Who ever heard of a man committing murder when full of hop? Get him full of



WHEN HER WORK IS DONE.